

THE BISMARCK TRIBUNE

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THE STATE'S OLDEST NEWSPAPER. (Established 1873)

YOU DON'T HAVE TO KEEP YOUR EYE ON VICTORY BOND DOLLARS

If you were to invest \$100 today in any business concern you would feel that you had to keep an eye on that business. You might make money out of your investment—AND YOU MIGHT LOSE MONEY.

It would worry you more or less. If you put \$100 in the bank, you'd have times in which you wondered if your money was absolutely safe.

If you bought industrial stocks or bonds with your money you would give many an anxious moment to thinking about the security of your investment.

If you loaned your \$100 to another person you would keep your mind's eye on him until he repaid you.

If you bought real estate with your money, there'd be a chance the value might drop, and always there'd be taxes to pay.

If you bought an automobile, why, there's the upkeep and "gas" to consider.

If you stuck your \$100 in a teapot and hid it away, like as not someone would steal it, or the mice would gnaw it into nothingness.

But if you invest that \$100—or as much more as you can rake together, why you can forget all about it, calling your investment to mind twice a year when it's time to clip the interest coupons. You can't lose your money if you don't sell your bonds. You know exactly how much interest you will get; and you know that the concern in which you invest your Victory Loan Dollars will not fail, cannot fail, and will never pay a cent less in interest than what it promises.

Think of that when the Victory Loan salesman comes to your home.

BUY WHAT YOU NEED IN BISMARCK AND BUY IT NOW!

Your prosperity is bound up with Bismarck's. Bismarck's prosperity is bound up with that of its business houses, its industries, its banks and its merchants.

They in turn depend upon YOU—upon your co-operation and backing. The circle is complete. You cannot escape it.

If your money stays here, within the home circle, the town flourishes, its schools thrive, its reality values rise, its civic undertakings prosper, its inhabitants—you included—are well off.

If you scatter your money abroad in making out-of-town purchases, then some other city thrives as a result of your industry, and your own town's prosperity withers with it.

How shall you gauge your prosperity? Doesn't it mean, after all, simply the completeness of your well-being? Doesn't it involve something more than the mere size of your income? The real criterion is not the number of cents in your pocketbook, but the sense of comfort in your soul.

That man is satisfied with life who has an established position in a thriving community. You wouldn't want ten times your present income, if you were earning it in the middle of the Sahara desert.

By every act of your daily life you indicate that you are happier for living in a prosperous community. When you take the street car to work, when you lunch in a restaurant, when you send your children to school, when you take the family to the movies, when you draw a book from the library, when you enjoy an outing in the park, when you attend church, you are profiting from the benefits of community life. Granting, as you do by every act, that in community life lies your well-being, it follows that the more prosperous the community the greater that well-being.

If it is to your interest to live in a town, it is pre-eminently to your interest to keep that town thriving, for only while it thrives will it be able to offer you in the highest degree the advantages because of which you prefer town life.

And remember that it is the HOME TOWN MERCHANT whose prosperity is the INDEX OF YOUR TOWN'S PROSPERITY! More, it is the BACKBONE of it.

The home merchant is the man whose clerks live in Bismarck. They spend their money in Bismarck. Their spending increases the wealth of the town. Their presence increases its population, its demand for commodities. The demand increases the supply available for you; it stimulates local production, boosts local industries, adds again to the local prosperity.

The home merchant is the man who pays heavy taxes, and thus helps to support the schools, to maintain fire and police protection, to pave the streets, to support Bismarck charity and institutions and hospitals.

He is the man whose activities increase reality values, make prosperous the banks, attract new industries and new citizens, draw buyers from the country here and thus still further increase the wealth in which every citizen of Bismarck shares.

The case is clear; the circle stands intact and unbreakable.

The home merchant is the guarantor of Bismarck's prosperity—and yours.

Will you not stand by him as loyally as he serves you?

Be fair to him. Be fair to Bismarck. Be fair to YOURSELF.

What you need, buy now! And buy it in Bismarck.

THE FRUITS OF BOLSHEVISM—STARVATION

There are three things which are absolutely necessary to existence—air, water and food.

A man can get along without a house, without clothing, without a hat on his head, without shoes on his feet, without books to read, without pictures to look at.

But everyone must have air to breathe, water to drink and food to eat. Failing in one of these three essentials he will die.

Before the war Russia was a world reservoir of food. Not only did Russia produce far more food than she consumed, but there were vast areas of tillable and pasture land which could, and it was expected would, furnish still more food.

There was food enough and food to spare, even up to the days when the tyranny of the czar's ministers, under the direction of German cunning, at last caused the people to rise against their oppressors and bring them to the ground.

There was food enough under the administration of Lvoff. There was food enough in the days of Kerensky.

But since Lenin and Trotzky have secured control of Russia THERE HAS BEEN A STEADY DECLINE IN PRODUCTION, a breaking down of the means of transportation AND A RETURN TO THE FAMINE CONDITIONS of 5,000 years ago.

Today the situation in Russia is that not enough food is produced to keep the Russian people from starvation, and that the food which is produced is not evenly distributed.

Presumably, the object of any government is to make life safe. The apparent result of Bolshevism in Russia is to make death sure to all except a few unless a radical change occurs.

There is an English workingman named H. V. Keeling, for nearly a lifetime a member of the British Trade Union of Lithographic Artists, Designers, Engravers and Process Workers, for many months a reporter on the Bolshevik Daily News, and for several months in the latter part of 1918, chief photographer on the staff of the commissioner of education, Unarcharski. He has returned to England from Russia and confirms what has been said of the classification of the Russian people for the distribution of food. (The latest report on this classification is as follows: Laborers on heavy manual work and children are allowed 1-2 pounds of black bread a day; workmen on lighter work allowed 3-4 pound a day; clerks, teachers, etc., in Bolshevik institutions allowed 1-4 pound; and those living on capital allowed 1-8 pound.)

And the Russian peasants, he says, manage to keep alive on their hoarded supplies, which they refuse to willingly sell for the so-called money of the Bolsheviks. There is so much bitterness toward the Bolsheviks for seizing the peasants' grain, however, that THE PEASANTS THIS YEAR ARE GOING ON A GREAT STRIKE AGAINST THE CITIES; that is; they are going to plant only what they need for themselves. Keeling says: "I haven't anything against the Bolsheviks except, judging from the results of their rule, I think they have failed."

The cause of the failure is the very essence of Bolshevism, namely, the elimination of the possibility of saving something for old age or disease. SINCE NO MAN IN RUSSIA CAN HAVE MORE THAN THE MINIMUM AMOUNT TO EAT, NO MAN CARES A STRAW TO PRODUCE MORE THAN HE AND HIS FAMILY CAN EAT.

WITH THE EDITORS

CLEAN UP AND PAINT UP CITY AND PREVENT CRITICISM

A train on which a well dressed St. Paul citizen was recently traveling stopped at a small town. From the car window could be seen a dozen or more back yards. Heaps of refuse were scattered over the weedy ground. Here and there a tin can glistened in the sun.

The houses were dull, uninteresting and in bad repair. A couple of listless men boarded the train and sank into their seats, apparently thankful to be leaving the place.

An hour later they approached another town. There was no dismal outlook there. The back yards were carpeted with close-cropped grass and patterned with flower beds. Fresh painted white fences separated the lawns. Most of the houses had been recently painted.

"Is this the county seat?" the citizen asked the conductor.

"No; that last town is the county seat," was his answer, "but this place is going to be. That other town hasn't got enough self respect to fight the bill that will make the change. This town is a hummer. It deserves to win."—Zanesville (Ohio) Times-Recorder.

ARE YOU WEARING THE BLUE BUTTON?



FIRST WHITE CHILD ON SLOPE WRITES OF WORK WITH THE 'Y'

Through the courtesy of Dr. C. L. Hall of Ellsworth, veteran missionary to the Indians of the north reservations, the Tribune is enabled to publish the following letter from R. D. Hall, director of activities for the Y. M. C. A. at the American embarkation center of Le Mans, France, and whose father believes him to be the first white child born on the Missouri slope:

April 1, 1919. It is two months tomorrow since I landed in France and what seven months they have been. From seven a. m. to eleven or twelve at night, I never knew what it was to be busy before, but here there is no end to it, and one only stops because tired out, and dead tired at that.

I was held in Paris about a week awaiting my baggage and assignment, but finally landed here in Le Mans, west of Paris, and asked to take hold of a very hard place as a divisional secretary, Y. M. C. A. and redeem the reputation of the Y among a bunch of men from New York city, who were trying to knock the 'Y'. It is true several had failed to do their duty and left the job and nothing was done, but they were a spoiled bunch of kids at that and wanted everything and nothing would please them. My associates and I with a staff of some 30 men and women were there a month and cleaned up the place and got things to going although it nearly knocked me out with cold and pleurisy, and day and night work, and no chance to take care of myself. I have gotten acclimated and only a little bronchitis and cough left. Last week I was called in to headquarters and asked to head up the activities of the region as an associate of the regional director and now have about the biggest job on the map here. I am glad to be in a man's work, and really doing something over here, since I couldn't render my service in the army or on the front, or in the real dangers of battle. We are facing now about the biggest task the Y has ever put over in this place since over a million men will come through here and remain from 10 to 25 days en route to the coast. This is the American embarkation center known as the A. E. S. When I say that 15 generals, and their staffs are in the area you will know it is a big place and I am supposed to head up the activities of the region. So it means work, work, and work. Last week I had to do the responsibility of a program dedicating eleven buildings and attending to having all my men busy and on the job. All went off well and every one seemed pleased and I hope it also served the boys well. They have been criticized much, but since coming over I find it is malicious, most of it. In fact we have discovered a regular propaganda going on. They are figuring in all the publicity they can, but the Y is putting it over for them. It is astonishing to see what the Y has done. The army is full of politics now. In fact when the facts are known it will cause much displeasure in the United States. On the whole the job is being done and truth and justice will win out. The boys are anxious to get home and get free from the army. Then much will be told.

I am living now in Le Mans at a French home. I have a fine room with a big mahogany bed and wonderful waxed floors and fire place with a fire every night. Many American women would glory in the linens and laces and fine furniture. I almost hate to wear my big boots and coarse army stuff around in the room, but it surely is comfortable outside and in most places, for France is sold and damp. Sunny France is a myth.

It is quite an interesting experience to go along the dark narrow streets on my way to the office each night, for I live out about a kilo and a half. I have my breakfast with the family, a "petite déjeuner," they call it, of coffee and jam and country butter and French rolls. I enjoy it much and then the walk to the office puts me in fine trim. The bed is a big feather mattress, I take a running jump for it, and land in the middle, and have down comfort over me, and am fast till morning—I fear in snores and warmth. So I am feeling in good shape and happy in being busy.

I am not sure nor does anyone know when the work will be over. I plan to stay till it is over, for so many want to go home now, secretaries as well as men. So many lose heart and get cold feet, figuratively and literally, that some must stay with it. These are the hardest times to stick with the game. Officers want to go home before their men can go. The poor French people. How pity them! 2,400,000 dead; 400,000 missing; 450,000 incapacitated by prison experiences, widows and orphans and poverty. One wishes they could do something worth while for France too. We have paid a very little price after all compared to others. The world can never repay the debt it owes France and Belgium for their years of withstanding the Hun. I hope the peace conference makes Germany pay for years and years to come. No measure of severity can ever be enough for the dirty brutes. An old woman is in one of the rooms, the front room down stairs. She has been kept by the family for the last few years. She is a refugee from Belgium. She has lost all. Yet, even at her age, she is going back, about Easter time. The old home site draws her from this place of comparative peace. She hopes to find some of her loved ones there, and maybe have a home on the old site to spend her last days.

PEOPLE'S FORUM

CORRECTS THE LEADER. Fargo, N. D., May 1, 1919. Bismarck Tribune, Bismarck, N. D. Gentlemen: I am enclosing a copy of my reply to the Leader article inasmuch as they did not publish my former letter. I did not expect them to. You are at liberty to use this after Friday, May 2 if you care to use it. I have given the same copy to the Fargo Forum. Yours truly, F. O. HELLSTROM.

EVERETT TRUE

North Dakota Leader: In your issue of the 26th you devote considerable space to discussing a communication from me, but you do not publish even a synopsis of my letter, you are not doing justice to your readers, to yourself or to me. Your attitude is hardly in keeping with the spirit of justice and broad gauged tolerance with which the North Dakota people are endowed. Do you know that you used about sixteen inches of space commenting on my letter; that less than sixteen inches of space would publish it in full? Did you refrain from publishing it because of the lack of space or was it because you did not want your readers to read it so they could form their own opinions about it? Your comment leads me to believe that you are begging the question.

BY CONDO



When did the people of this state ever vote on any of the laws in question? Perhaps you will say that they voted for a state owned terminal elevator. True, they did, and Governor Frazier is the only governor that has had nerve enough to veto a bill for a terminal elevator. Why? We are told because it did not provide for a state owned mill and various other adjuncts. When and how have the people ever voted either for or against any of the other ventures? Why are the mill and elevator bonds authorized at 7 per cent for 30 years regardless as to whether sold at par or not? Do you think it is necessary for the state to sell 30 year bonds at 7 per cent to finance the North Dakota grain movement when congress has already provided ample funds which are placed at the disposal of the people at 3 per cent and can be had simply for the asking the Regional Reserve Bank is prepared at all times to make 3 per cent loans on stored grain up to 90 per cent of its value. How will it benefit the people of this state to borrow money at 7 per cent for thirty years when short time loans can be had at 3 per cent? I have given this question more or less study the last twenty-five years. I am not a stranger recently imported with a ready made remedy guaranteed to cure all the ills of society. My fee is neither \$300, \$630, \$16,000, \$100,000 or \$1,700,000.00. I am just a plain taxpayer. Before George Lotz did, I had the pleasure of appearing on the same platform with him and know what the Farmers' Equity as a body demanded. First of all they demanded fair and equal rights and privileges in financing and marketing their crops. As a necessary means to this end they demanded a FREE and open market where the producer could meet the buyer and sell subject to grades and rules to be provided either by the state or federal government. What have you done to furnish such relief? We have noticed a lot of claims made by league or-

gans about the Brown state grain grading and inspection law. Do you know that this law was not a league measure? The caucus refused to endorse it. This law had a provision in it that provided for the creation of both primary and terminal markets with ample funds and authority provided for establishing these markets. All that was necessary was for the league elected and appointed officials to do their plain and sworn duty. Why did you not even make an attempt to establish the terminal or primary markets provided for in this law? You are fond of citing the farmers to the fact that Big Biz, the Chamber of Commerce, etc., are robbing them of millions. Why did you sit with hands folded and permit this robbery to continue when the fact could have been had by simply putting the law in effect? Why was the grain grading law one of the first measures to be rewritten by the league caucus, and why was the marketing features cut out of the law? I have reason to believe that I am quoting the demands of the farmers correctly, because of the fact that I was asked by the state and national president of the American society of Equity to appear before the resolutions committee of the democratic national convention at St. Louis to present their views and ask for relief, which I did with the result that this convention adopted a very comprehensive plank covering this subject which was written into the law before the adjournment of congress, with the result that congress provided for federal inspection and storage, also funds for carrying grain in storage. Why do we not pay more attention to the means of getting 3 per cent money from the federal reserve bank instead of peddling 30-year bonds of the state at 7 per cent. Can it be possible that the federal reserve plan has no melon-patch attachment?

I notice you refer to the old gangsters. You cannot get me into any argument on this question, as I claim to be a maverick—I have not submitted the branding process by congress, however, I can by my own somewhat confused, or I cannot quite read the brands. First, we had the old gang brand copyrighted. I used to see Ed Patterson, Tom Pools, Ed Allen, Ed Cole, Angus Frazier, Editor Knappen Leslie Simpson, Bill Prater et al on this range nicely branded Old Gang, but lately a new gang has appeared. Mr. Townley has copyrighted the New Gang Brand and what confuses me is that the same Ed Patterson, Tom Pools, Ed Allen, Ed Cole, Angus Frazier, Editor Knappen, Leslie Simpson, Bill Prater et al are all wearing the New Gang brand and shouting "down with the Old Gang but long live the boss."

Let us wake up, open our hearts, free our minds from prejudice and study this question aided by the light of reason. Prejudice leads to darkness. North Dakota will have to pay the bills, whatever they are. New Zealand, Utah or New Orleans will not come to our rescue. Remember that every dollar voted for bonds will be paid in full at the full rate of interest, regardless of how the money is expended. One thing seems to be settled and that is we will have a referendum. Let us open our minds to reason! It is our state and our property and personal liberty that is at stake. Can we afford to allow ourselves to be stampeded before we get a decent introduction to our would-be saviors? Let us study this question so that we understand its far-reaching effect. These laws are like eggs easily scrambled, but no one can unscramble them after they are scrambled. It is worth your while to know if you want eggs scrambled, fried or boiled, or if we shall permit the hen to stay on the nest the same as she did before we met Townley or Mills or any of the so-called social experts. There is lots of food for thought. Under the referendum every voter becomes a legislator. The responsibility is yours. Beware of the fellow that tells you how to vote unless you know and understand. If you vote you will have another chance before the eggs are scrambled or chance before the eggs are scrambled. By F. O. HELLSTROM, April 28, Bismarck, N. Dak.

REV. STELZLE'S EDITORIAL

DON'T BE A CHAMLEON. The chamleon is a lizard which has the power to change its color to harmonize with its surroundings. In this respect, at any rate, it's like a lot of people who want to be counted "good fellows" because they never contradict anybody or disagree with anything. They are not necessarily without opinions—they MUST have a good many because they change them so often—but they haven't the backbone to express them when they are likely to meet with opposition. You've probably heard of the poor little chamleon that was placed upon a piece of Scotch plaid—at first it bewildered and adapted itself to the blue and white color, and then it blew up in despair! So watch out—you human chamleon—because there'll come a time when you'll have to take a stand on some things, even though it may cost you some of your friends. Friends that want you to agree with them all the time aren't worth having. Editt And, secretly, they haven't a very good opinion of you because you agree with them constantly. Most people appreciate just enough resistance to put them on their mettle and they think most of those who weaknesses in their plans and arguments.

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ANOTHER REMONSTRANCE PRATER

Moit, N. D., April 26, 1919. Editor Bismarck Tribune: Dear Sir: In your paper of April 18 I see an article headed "Burling, Boss Has Ticket for 1920 Doped Out." I wish to say that I am not in the political field for sheriff for 1920, as you say I am. This article on the front page of your issue sheet sure is a prize winner. The article has 205 words and 83 of them are lies. You sure ought to have a liar's license. Just keep it up we all know your kind of bunk. Yours truly, FRED J. ARGAST.

WANTED—Chamber maid at Grand Pacific Hotel.

4-18-19